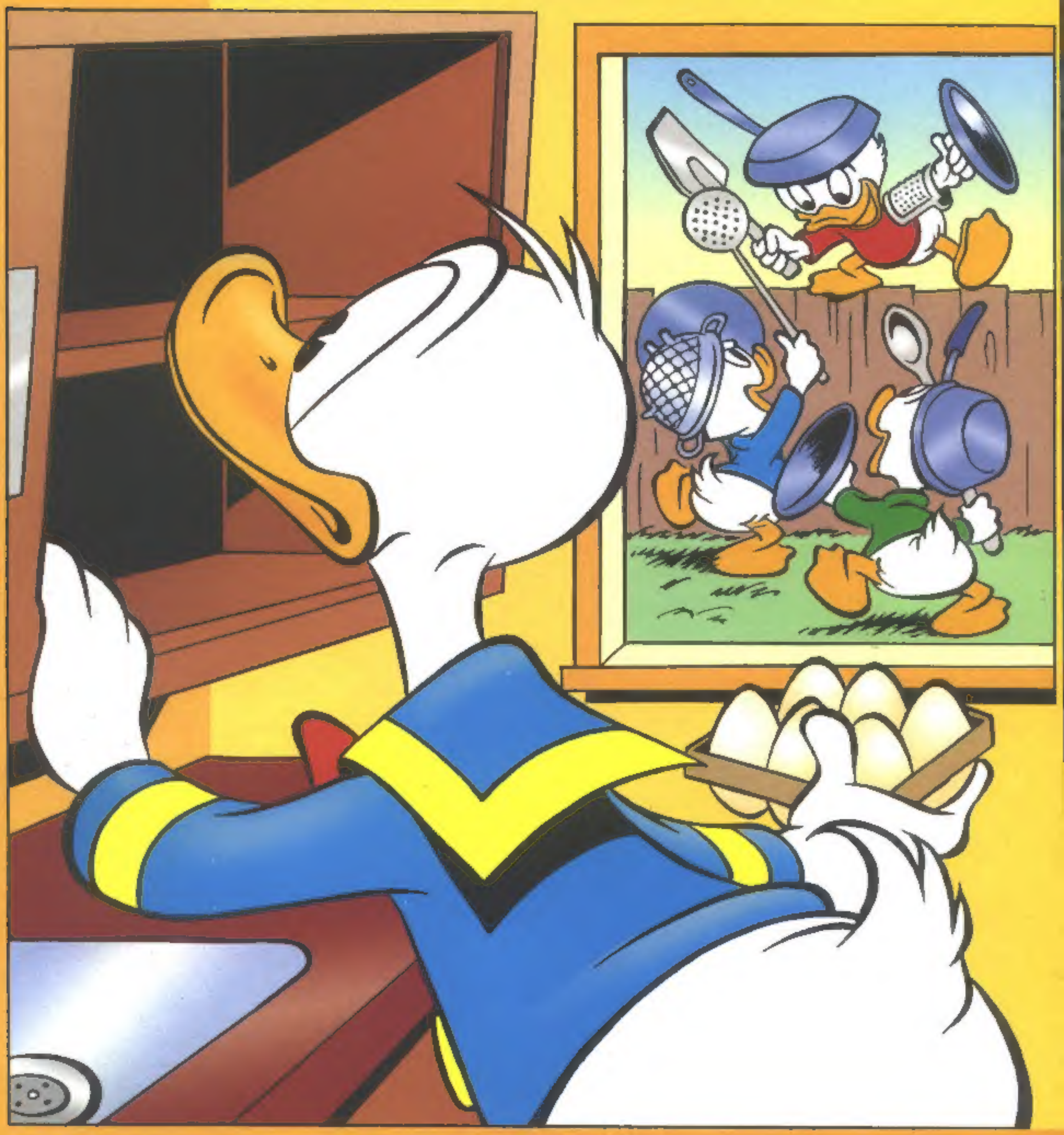
GEMSTONE PUBLISHING

MARCH
NO. 337
$2.95

WALT DISNEY'S DONALD DUCK AND FRIENDS



DONALD DUCK AND FRIENDS

From the looks of our story line-up, below, it appears we have a St. Patrick's day themed issue this time, eh? Now, and with apologies to my Irish friends, St. Patrick's Day has always seemed to me a fairly uneventful holiday. Some folks dress up—if you don't wear green you might get pinched—but beyond that not much happens. I guess you're supposed to eat corned beef and cabbage, but you don't even get the day off on which to do so. Not even the Post Office gets the day off! But it's nevertheless a fun holiday during which we can honor the patron saint of Ireland (who chased all of the snakes off of the Emerald Isle—it's true) and we can enjoy stories about leprechauns and pots of gold, such as the tales herein presented.

The always-entertaining Kari Korhonen (with a dialoguing assist from David Gerstein) and Sarah Kinney, along with artists Daniel Branca and Xavi Mateu, provide us with a pair of modern stories featuring Donald and Mickey, respectively, while our Carl Barks reprint this issue breaks away from our usual format of reprinting the Old Duck Man's earlier efforts in order to bring you a classic confrontation with Cousin Gladstone (whose favorite holiday is St. Patrick's Day) from 1961. And you can consider yourselves lucky (nice transition, huh?) for our inclusion of "Byte Makes Right" by Tony Strobl, one of the "lost" stories from the Disney studios. Even though it was produced in the United States in the 1970s, it has only been printed overseas until now.

Happy wearin' of the green, everybody!

—John Clark

• IN THIS ISSUE •

Donald Duck
BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A POT OF GOLD?
Story: Kari Korhonen
Dialogue: David Gerstein
Art: Daniel Branca
Color: Egmont & Marie Javins
Lettering: Jon Babcock

Mickey Mouse
LEAPIN' LEPRECHAUNS
Story: Sarah Kinney
Art: Xavi Vives Mateu
Color: Egmont & Michael Kraiger
Lettering: Susie Lee

Donald Duck
DUCK LUCK
Story & Art: Carl Barks
(WDC&S 251, Aug. 1961)
Color: Susan Daigle-Leach

Donald Duck
BYTE MAKES RIGHT
Story: Unknown
Dialogue: David Gerstein
Art: Tony Strobl
Color: Terry Letterman
Lettering: Susie Lee

Front cover art by Daniel Branca, color by Sue Kolberg

NEXT ISSUE SHIPS WEEK OF MARCH 6
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Walt Disney's Donald Duck and Friends
No. 337, March 2006. Published monthly by Gemstone Publishing.

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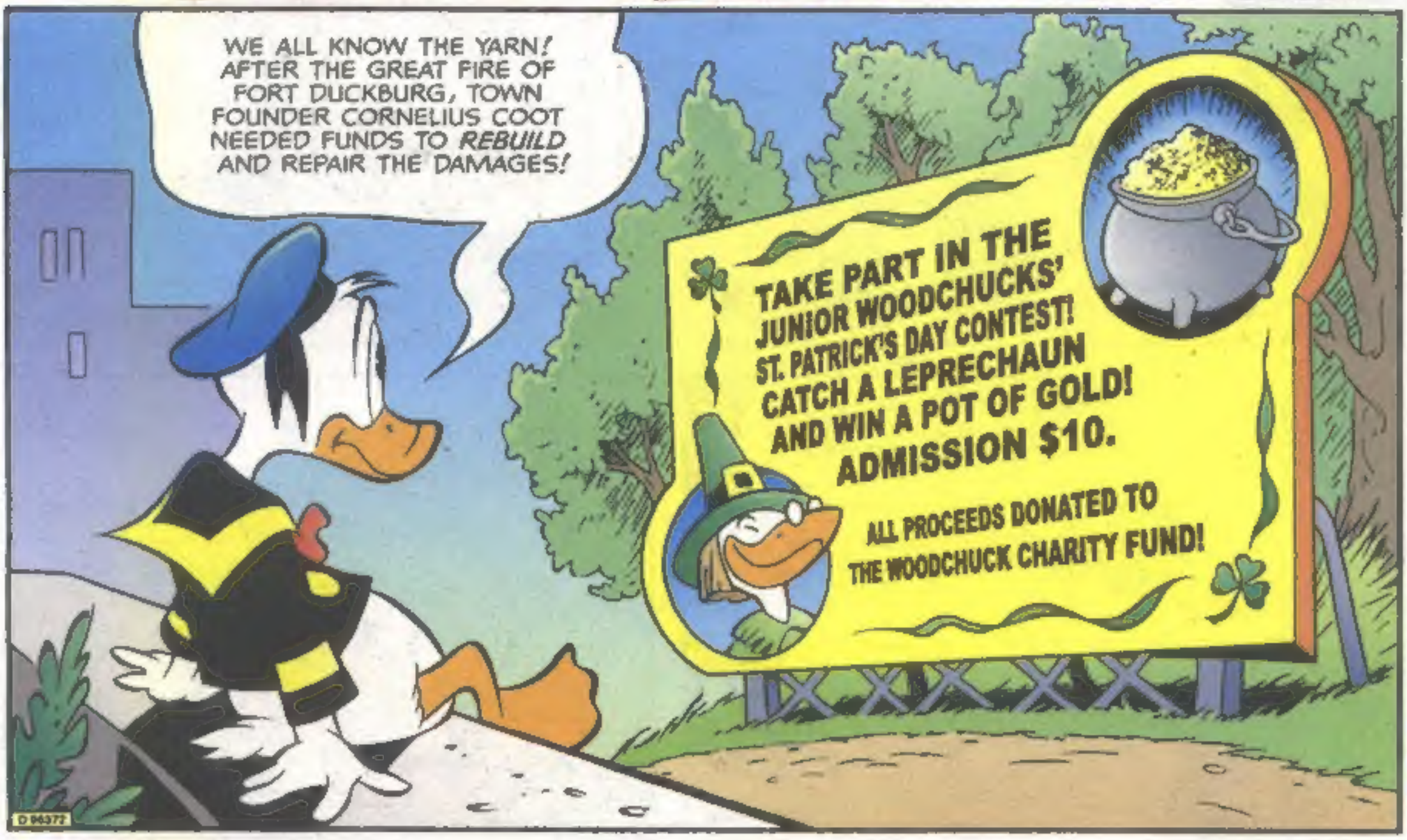
12-issue subscription rates: In the U.S., $35.40. In Canada, $40.00, payable in U.S. funds. For advertising rates and information call (888) 375-9800 ext. 410. Subscription and advertising rates subject to change without notice. Postmaster: send address changes to Walt Disney's Donald Duck and Friends, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775.
PRINTED IN CANADA

Walt Disney's DONALD DUCK in BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A POT OF GOLD?


WE ALL KNOW THE YARN! AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF FORT DUCKBURG, TOWN FOUNDER CORNELIUS COOT NEEDED FUNDS TO *REBUILD* AND REPAIR THE DAMAGES!
TAKE PART IN THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS' ST. PATRICK'S DAY CONTEST! CATCH A LEPRECHAUN AND WIN A POT OF GOLD! ADMISSION $10.
ALL PROCEEDS DONATED TO THE WOODCHUCK CHARITY FUND!
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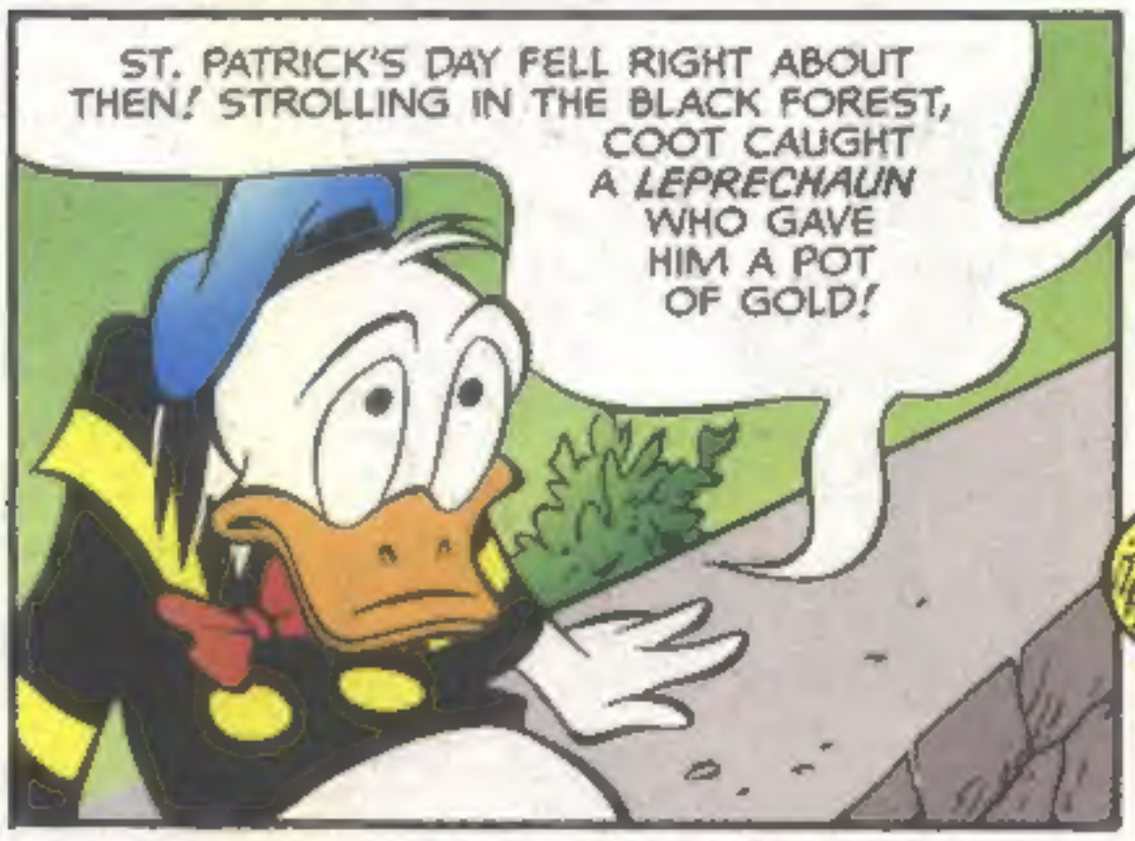

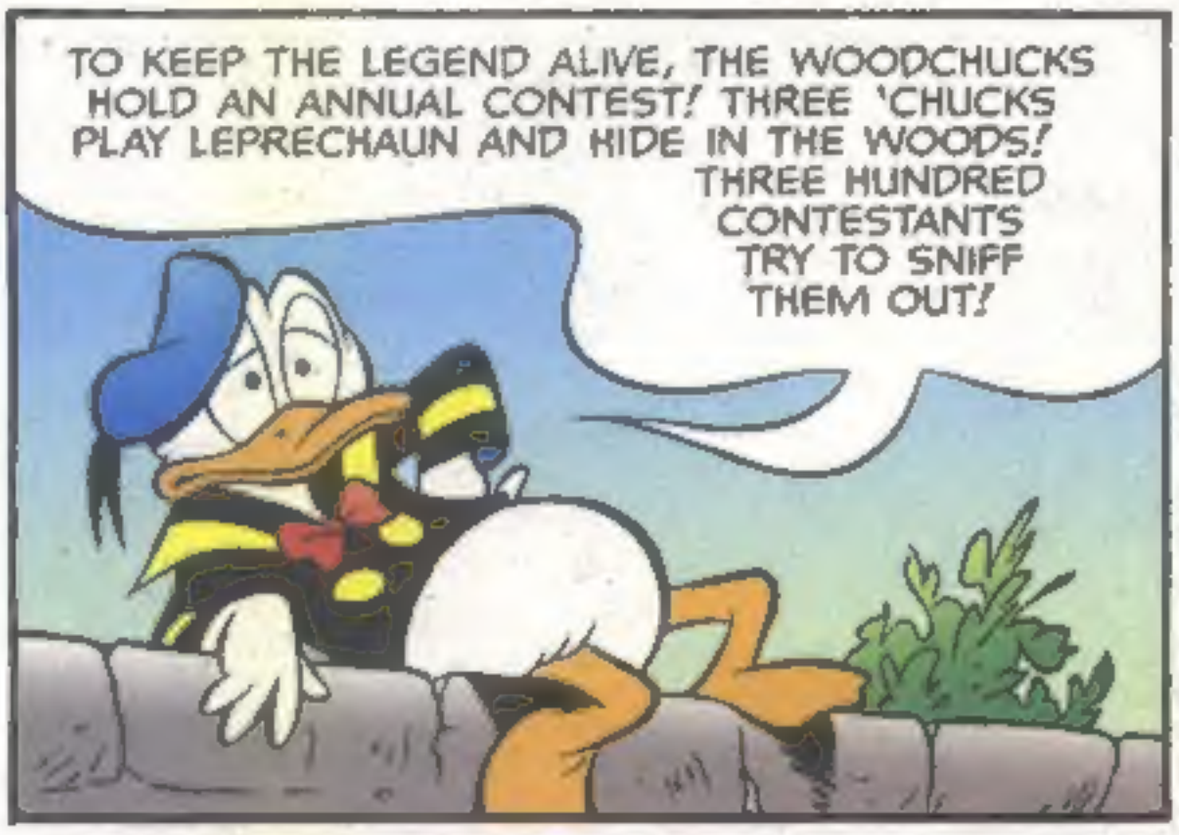
TO KEEP THE LEGEND ALIVE, THE WOODCHUCKS HOLD AN ANNUAL CONTEST! THREE 'CHUCKS PLAY LEPRECHAUN AND HIDE IN THE WOODS! THREE HUNDRED CONTESTANTS TRY TO SNIFF THEM OUT!

THE WAY MY UNPAID BILLS ARE MOUNTING, I COULD *USE* A POT OF GOLD! BUT I'M TOO *BROKE* TO AFFORD THE ADMISSION FEE...
UNCA DONALD! GREAT NEWS! LOOK AT OUR COSTUMES!

WE'VE BEEN CHOSEN TO BE THE *LEPRECHAUNS* IN THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY CONTEST! AREN'T THESE COSTUMES *COOL?*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, UNCA SCROOGE'S COSTUME STORE *DONATED* THEM TO US!

WELL, *HE* CAN AFFORD IT! I'M TOO FLAT-BUSTED TO EVEN *ENTER* YOUR CONTEST! NOT THAT I'D WIN IF I DID... →SIGH!←

POOR UNCA DONALD! HE'S BEEN IN GLOOMSVILLE SINCE HIS JOB SACKED HIM!

I WISH WE COULD CHEER HIM UP...

HEY! WHAT IF WE GOT HIM INTO THE ST. PATRICK'S CONTEST?

WITHOUT PAYING THE *ENTRANCE FEE?*

NO! I MEAN WE *KIDS* PAY *FOR* HIM, AND PUT HIM IN THE RUNNING FOR A POT OF GOLD!

BY LETTING HIM CATCH US? T'AIN'T CRICKET, CROCKETT!

WE'LL JUST MAKE SURE HE HAS A *FAIR CHANCE!* HE'S GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY TAKING PART!

YEAH! AT LEAST IT MIGHT LIFT HIS SPIRITS!

So...

HANDS OFF, BRAT FINKS! PLEASE GO 'WAY AND LET ME SLEEP!

YOU'LL HAVE *FUN,* UNCA DONALD! YOU'LL SEE!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CONTEST

STEP ON IT! THEY'RE *HERE!*

LADEEEZ AND GENTLEMEN! FEAST YOUR EYES ON THESE *POTS OF GOLD* DONATED BY OUR SPONSORS!

YUM YUMMIE! MAYBE JOINING THIS RAT RACE WASN'T A BAD IDEA AFTER ALL!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, NEPHEW!

UNCLE SCROOGE! *GLAD-STONE!* ARE YOU—

ENTERING? ENTERING AND *WINNING*, CUZZY WUZZY!

BAH! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A MASTERFUL *TRACKER!* YOU TWO WON'T STAND A CHANCE!

→*HEH-HEH!*← I'LL MAKE *SURE* OF IT!

→Hmm!← I DON'T TRUST THOSE TWO!

→*ULP!*← WITH GLADSTONE IN THE RACE, UNCA DONALD'S IN TROUBLE! AND I SUSPECT UNCA SCROOGE IS UP TO SOMETHING!

TROOPERS! I'VE GOT A *JOB* FOR YOU!

?

YOU TWO *FOLLOW* UNCA SCROOGE AND GLADSTONE! REPORT BACK TO US THROUGH THESE WALKIE-TALKIES IF ANYTHING *FISHY* GOES ON!

YES, GENERAL DEWEY!

AND SO...

YOU ALL KNOW THE RULES! THE LEPRECHAUNS WILL NOW RUN INTO THE WOODS! IN THIRTY MINUTES' TIME THE CONTESTANTS WILL FOLLOW!

BLAST OFF!

GOOD LUCK, CITIZENS! REMEMBER, THERE ARE *THREE* LEPRECHAUNS... →OOF!←

...AND *THREE* POTS OF GOLD! THIS SEETHING THRONG DOESN'T NEED A REMINDER!

YOICKS!!

TRAMPLE!

YOU'D THINK THEY'D NEVER SEEN GOLD BEFORE! EVERY GREENHORN'S ALREADY *COMBING* THE WOODS!

IT'S NOT THE GREENHORNS I'M WORRIED ABOUT!

THE KIDS MAY WANT DONALD TO WIN, AND GLADSTONE HAS HIS LUCK BEHIND HIM! I WON'T *CHEAT* TO BEAT THEM, BUT I CAN BE *TRICKY!*

YOU FOLLOW MR. McDUCK! I'LL KEEP TRACK OF MR. GANDER!

WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS THAT I *OWN* THIS FOREST AND KNOW IT WELL! THIS SHORTCUT WILL TAKE ME AHEAD OF THEM!

YOUR LUCK WON'T HELP YOU, COUSIN!

I BETTER TAKE CARE OF GLADSTONE FIRST! AND FOR THAT I'VE COME *PREPARED*...

NEVER *LEARN*, DO YOU, DONALD? YOU HAVEN'T BEATEN ME IN A CONTEST YET!

I SAVED THIS CLIPPING FROM MY TABLOID PUBLISHER!

BUT I *KNOW* MY NEPHEWS! IT TAKES MORE THAN *LUCK* TO FIND THEM IF THEY DON'T *WANT* TO BE FOUND!

WHATEVER IT TAKES, I'M SURE I'VE GOT IT! SEE YOU AT THE FINISH LINE!

I SOMEHOW FEEL THIS IS THE RIGHT DIRECTION...

HEY! WHAT'S *THAT?*

A *HOROSCOPE* FROM THE NATIONAL TATTLER! "BEWARE OF FAIRY TALES AND LITTLE GREEN MEN!" OH MESIE, OH MYSIE!

LITTLE GREEN MEN! AND I'M CHASING *LEPRECHAUNS!* I'VE GOT TO GET *OUT* OF THESE WOODS!

→*HEH!*← GOOD THING GLADSTONE TAKES HOROSCOPES DEAD SERIOUSLY!

GENERALS HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE! YOU WERE *RIGHT* ABOUT McDUCK BEING UP TO SOMETHING!

GLADSTONE'S DESERTING THE WOODS LIKE A TAX DODGER!

FAIRY TALES AND LITTLE GREEN MEN? SCROOGE SCARED GLADSTONE OFF WITH *WHAT?*

→*WHOLP!*← IT'S THE KIDS! THEY MUSTN'T SEE ME!

A *HORO-SCOPE?!*

I'LL HIDE IN HERE UNTIL THEY'VE GONE BY!

IF A *PLANTED* HOROSCOPE SCARED GLADSTONE, I WONDER *WHAT* UNCA SCROOGE HAS IN STORE FOR UNCA DONALD?

PLANTED?! MY *LUCK* DIDN'T PUT IT THERE?... →*AWP!*← I'M *WEDGED* IN THIS LOG! I CAN'T GET *OUT!*

KEEP AFTER UNCA SCROOGE, MEN!

OVER IN DONALD'S NECK OF THE WOODS!

EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE SEARCHING IN *THIS* PART OF THE FOREST! AND THEY'RE ALL *RUNNING* AROUND LIKE CRAZY!

LET 'EM RUN, I SAY! IF THE KIDS COME TO THIS PART OF THE WOODS, THEY'RE MOST LIKELY TO TAKE *THIS* PATH!

RUNNING AROUND I'D PROBABLY MISS THEM! BUT IF I *WAIT* PATIENTLY AND *WATCH* WHO PASSES BY, I CAN *AMBUSH* THEM!

IT'S AN OLD BOONEHEAD TRICK! HOW FITTING THAT I USE IT →YAWN!← ON WOODCHUUUCCCKKSS! →YAWWWN!←

ONE NEPHEW DOWN!

AND *ONE* TO GO! IF ONLY I CAN FIND DON—

WHAT THE...?

ZAWP!

TALK ABOUT POT LUCK! IN THE HEAT OF THE CONTEST, DONALD TAKES A *NAP!* HOW *LAZY* CAN YOU GET?

GAZORP!

THIS SLEEPING SPRAY WILL MAKE SURE HE SAILS HIS DREAM BOAT FOR A GOOD *LONG* WHILE!

SKVISH!

I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME! NOW TO ROUND UP THE KIDS AND MY MUCH-DESERVED PRIZE!

ZZZZ!

TICK TICK

I PLAYED MR. NICE GUY AND *GAVE* THEM THOSE PIXIE SUITS, AND THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT A THING! THIS TRACKING DEVICE WILL FIND THEM IN NO TIME!

GENERALS HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE! YOUR UNCLE DONALD'S OUT OF THE GAME AND SCROOGE HAS SOME GIZMO THAT *TELLS* HIM WHERE YOU ARE! DO YOU COPY?

LOUD AND CLEAR, TROOPERS! MEN, WE MUST BE *BUGGED!*

YES! BUT *WHERE?*

WAIT JUST A DOGGONE MINUTE!

GIVE ME YOUR BELTS, BROTHERS! WE'VE BEEN WEARING *TRANSMITTERS* ON THESE LEATHER LOOPS!

I'LL PUT ALL THREE ON ONE BELT AND WE'LL GET RID OF THEM! UNCA SCROOGE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW...

...BUT *WE* WON'T! AMSCRAY, MEN!

THUS!

THE SIGNAL IS GETTING STRONGER!

HIDING IN THAT *BUSH*, EH? THOSE TRUSTING NAIFS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

TICK TICK

GOTCHA!!

THIS... PROBABLY WASN'T SUCH A HOT IDEA...

RIP!

RIP!

GNEH?

WHOA, CRITTER! WHOA!

HOUSTON, WE HAVE A *PROBLEM!*

THAT CAN'T BE HEALTHY! GENERALS HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE...

YOUR UNCLE SCROOGE IS HEADED YOUR WAY, RIDING *BAMBI'S* BIG BAD *BROTHER!*

JIMINY CHRISTMAS!

HEAALP!

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! QUICK! GIVE ME A ROPE!

THIS DAY IS BECOMING TOO BIZARRE FOR MY TASTE!.

GOT HIM! GRAB AHOLD, BROTHERS!

WE'RE HOLDING! *NOW* WHAT?

ZIP!

HOPE FOR HAPPY LANDINGS, LADS!

!!!

WHADDAYA KNOW!

I'VE LOST MY SHIRTSLEEVES, BUT GAINED THREE NEPHEWS! I HOPE THEY LANDED SAFELY...

BUT NOT *THERE!*

BACK TO DONALD!

→AWP!← I DOZED OFF! I'VE PROBABLY SLEPT THROUGH THE WHOLE CONTEST!

BLINKETY

BLINK!

JUST MY LUCK! WITH THE GOLD I COULDA SETTLED MY UNPAID BILLS!

AND THE BOYS COULDA *KEPT* THE REST FOR THEIR *CHARITY FUND,* FOR ALL I CARE!

HEY! IT AIN'T OVER TILL THE FAT LADY SINGS— AND THERE'S HUEY CAPERING IN THAT SHAMROCK GROVE!

AND SO..

I WON! I CAUGHT MYSELF A *LEPRECHAUN!*

HE DANCED A MEAN WATUSI, BUT NOW ALL FOUR OF YOU HAVE BEEN CAPTUR—

FOUR OF YOU??!!

POOF!

SCREECH!

A *REAL* LEPRECHAUN!?!

SURE AN' I'M REAL, LADS! AS *REAL* AS I WAS WHEN I MET AULD CORNELIUS! I FIGURED YER UNCLE COULD USE SOME *HELP* AGAINST HIS GREEDY RELATIVES!

I DINNA APPEAR THAT OFTEN, BUT I ALWAYS STICK OOP FOR TH' UNDERDOG!

THAT'S JUST TH' KIND O' FELLA I AM!

BESIDES, DONALD *UNSELFISHLY* THOUGHT HE'D GIVE SOME O' ME SWAG TO *CHARITY!*

YOU'VE GOT A GOOD HEART, DONNY! THIS 'ERE'S FOR *YOU!*

EVERYONE ELSE SEEMS SORTA *STUNNED,* DON'T THEY, LAD?

I GUESS ST. PATRICK'S DAY IS TOO *EXCITING* FOR THEM! THEY'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO IT!

THE END

Walt Disney's MICKEY MOUSE in LEAPIN' LEPRECHAUNS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN MOUSETON! MICKEY, HORACE, GOOFY, AND BUTCH TAKE IN THE SIGHTS! HERE'S THE ANNUAL PARADE NOW...WITH CLOVERS, COLCANNON AND LEPRECHAUNS A-POPPIN'!

GAWRSH! THUH LEPRECHAUN QUEEN IS EVEN PRETTIER THAN LAST YEAR!

GOOFY, YOU *DO* KNOW SHE'S NOT *REALLY* A LEPRECHAUN! RIGHT?

D 2003-096

'*COURSE* I KNOW IT! SHE'S WAY *BIGGER* THAN LEPRECHAUNS EVER GET!

NO! I MEAN CRAZY LITTLE *ELVES* DON'T REALLY *EXIST!*

DON'T BE SO SURE, MICKEY! A'N'T YOU EVER HEARD OF 'EM *MISTAKENLY LOSIN'* POTS O' *GOLD* IN GUYS' HOUSES?

THEN COMING BACK TO LOOK FOR THEM, AND TURNING WHOLE HOMES UPSIDE DOWN!

ELVES ARE A RASCALLY BUNCH!

FOLKLORE IS GREAT! BUT IN THIS CASE I'M NOT A BELIEVER!

WATCH OUT FER *MISCHIEF*, MICK! IT'S *LEPRECHAUN* SEASON!

=HEH-HEH!= AND *BLARNEY* SEASON!

LAUGH AS HE MIGHT, MICKEY SLEEPS UNEASILY THAT NIGHT!

→MUMBLE-FRZZZ!← ...GREEN...→MUMBLE!← ...SHAMROCKS... POTS OF GOLD...

DAWN-

→YAWN!← THAT OLD FOLKLORE SURE STICKS IN MY HEAD! I TOSSED AND TURNED FOR HOURS!

→MGRR?!←

→YECCCH!← HAIR CREAM?! WHAT'S *THIS* DOING WHERE MY *TOOTHPASTE* IS SUPPOSED TO BE?

HAIR CREAM

→GASP!← AND SINCE WHEN WAS MY *BEDROOM REARRANGED?!* IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF TIDY *TORNADO* HIT!

SHORTLY-

NOT BURGLARS! THEY'D HAVE NABBED MY WALLET OR MY ADVENTURE NOVELS! WHAT KIND OF *VANDAL* DOESN'T *STEAL* ANYTHING?

VANDAL? I'D SAY YUH BEEN VISITED BY...

...A *LEPRECHAUN!*

YOU THINK?

HE WAS *HERE* LOOKIN' FER A *FORGOTTEN* POT O' *GOLD!* WHUT IF HE DIDN'T *FIND* IT?! HE'LL BE *BACK!*

I KNEW I COULD RELY ON YOU TO HELP ME FIND A LOGICAL EXPLANATION!

NOW I THINK I'LL FIGURE THIS OUT MYSELF!

AWRIGHT, MICK! BUT ELVES ARE A RASCALLY BUNCH!

I USED TO *SLEEPWALK* SOMETIMES! MAYBE I'VE TAKEN UP SLEEP-*DECORATING!*

AN EIGHT-HOUR TAPE WILL CATCH ME AT ANY NOCTURNAL NAUGHTINESS TONIGHT!

MORNING-

-≥YAWN!≤- NO *SIGNS* OF MY HAVING REARRANGED ANYTHING, BUT I'D BETTER FAST-FORWARD THROUGH THE TAPE TO BE SURE!

EIGHT DULL HOURS OF ME NEVER LEAVING MY BED!

VILLAINS AND VANDALISM! I'VE BEEN *UPENDED* IN THE *LIVING ROOM!*

IT'S NOT ME! IT'S NOT A CROOK! WITH NO *LOGICAL* EXPLANATION, I MAY *HAFTA* TEST THE *ILLOGICAL* ONE!

→SIGH!← MY MISCHIEFMAKER SURE FITS THE *DESCRIPTION* OF A LEPRECHAUN!

WELL, IF I'VE *GOT* ONE, AT LEAST HIS SMALL SIZE WILL MAKE HIM EASY TO CATCH!

TEN P.M.!

PUTTING THE KIBOSH ON HIM *MIGHT* EVEN...→YAWN!← LEAD *ME* TO HIS POT OF *GOLD!* →YAWN!← ANYWAY, IT'LL STOP HIS...MISCHIEF...

NINE A.M.!

→SQUEAK!←

→SNIFF!← *HUH?!* WHASSAT? IT CAME FROM THE *CLOSET!*

GOTCHA!

→HUH?!←

→YEEK!←

YOU'RE NO LEPRECHAUN, LITTLE GUY, BUT YOU STILL HAFTA GO!

→YEEK!←

→YEEK!←

SHORTLY-

OKAY! HE'S SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT! BUT THE BOOK SAYS LEPRECHAUNS LOVE TO INTRUDE WHERE THEY'RE NOT *WANTED*...

LEPRECHAUNS KEEP OUT

...AND *ALSO* THAT THEY'RE THE *GREEDIEST* OF ALL ELVES! MAYBE I CAN USE HIS *INSTINCTS* TO CATCH HIM!

=HUH?!= WHAT'S THAT *SOUND*?

THE TRAP'S BEEN *SPRUNG*! I *GOT* HIM!

=HUH?!= IT *ISN'T* SPRUNG? BUT I-I-I-I-I-

LEPRECHAUNS KEEP OUT

I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL *EMBARRASSED*!

LEPRECH KEEP O

OKAY, MINI-MANIAC, THAT'S THE LIMIT! NO MORE MR. NICE MOUSE!

OH, THERE'S THE GUYS!

...SO THERE REALLY SEEMS TO *BE* A LEPRECHAUN! I →AHEM!← HAVEN'T CAUGHT HIM YET, BUT NOW I'VE SET TRAPS BY THIS *COUCH* AND *CHAIR* AND BY THE *FRIDGE* IN THE KITCHEN!

PITY YOU DIDN'T LISTEN TO ME SOONER, MICK! ELF INFESTATION IS A VERY *SERIOUS* THING!

→YAWN!← I *HAVE* BEEN A NERVOUS WRECK FOR DAYS!

SO LEMME GIT THIS STRAIGHT! THERE'S TRAPS BY THUH *COUCH, CHAIR,* AN'...

QUIET— I MEAN, C'MON, GOOFY! MICKEY'S TRAPS ARE FINE!

→HMM!←

THEN AGAIN, ELVES *ARE* A RASCALLY BUNCH!

YEAH! MAYBE I'D BETTER SUPPLEMENT THOSE FIRST THREE TRAPS WITH SOME EXTRA TRAPS JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, HERE! AND NOW TO BED!

→ZZZZZ-HMM? GRMMP!←

I DID IT! NOW I'VE GOT YOU!

→HYUCK!← GREAT *PRANK*, EH MICKEY?!

GUYS! WELL, WELL!

WE'RE YER *"LEPRECHAUN"!* USIN' YER EXTRA BACK DOOR KEY, WE BEEN SNEAKIN' IN EVERY NIGHT AN' REARRANGIN' FURNITURE!

I *THOUGHT* SO!

NOW HOW ABOUT HELPING US DOWN? PRETTY SNEAKY, SETTING *EXTRA* TRAPS AND NOT *TELLING* US ABOUT THEM!

OH, BUT *GUYS*... →HEH!← I *DID* TELL YOU ABOUT ALL *MY* TRAPS...BY THE COUCH, THE CHAIR, AND THE FRIDGE HERE!

THE TRAPS *YOU'RE* CAUGHT IN *AREN'T MINE!*

→HUH?!← BUT-

THEY MUSTA BEEN SET BY THE *LEPRECHAUN* TO PROTECT HIS *POT OF GOLD!*

I WOULDN'T WANT TO *ANGER* HIM BY LETTING YOU DOWN! HE'S *SURE* TO COME *BACK*, THOUGH, SO YOU CAN ASK *HIM* TO FREE YOU!

AND SO-

-:AHHH!:- NOW I CAN FINALLY SLEEP SOUNDLY!

I'LL FREE MY PALS IN THE MORNING! BY THEN *MAYBE* THEY'LL HAVE *SWORN OFF...* -:YAWN!:- *GAGS* FOR A WHILE...

BUT IS THAT REALLY THE END OF THE STORY?

-:PHEW!:- BEGORRAH!

MAYBE *NOW* I CAN FINALLY GO! I DIDN'T *DARE* SHOW MESELF WITH ALL THESE *LUNATICS* SNEAKIN' ROUND EVERY NIGHT!

BUT WITH 'EM ALL TIED UP AN' THAT MOUSE FINALLY SATISFIED, I CAN SAFELY ESCAPE WITH ME POT O' GOLD!

-:ZZZZ!:-

MORTALS ARE A *RASCALLY* BUNCH!

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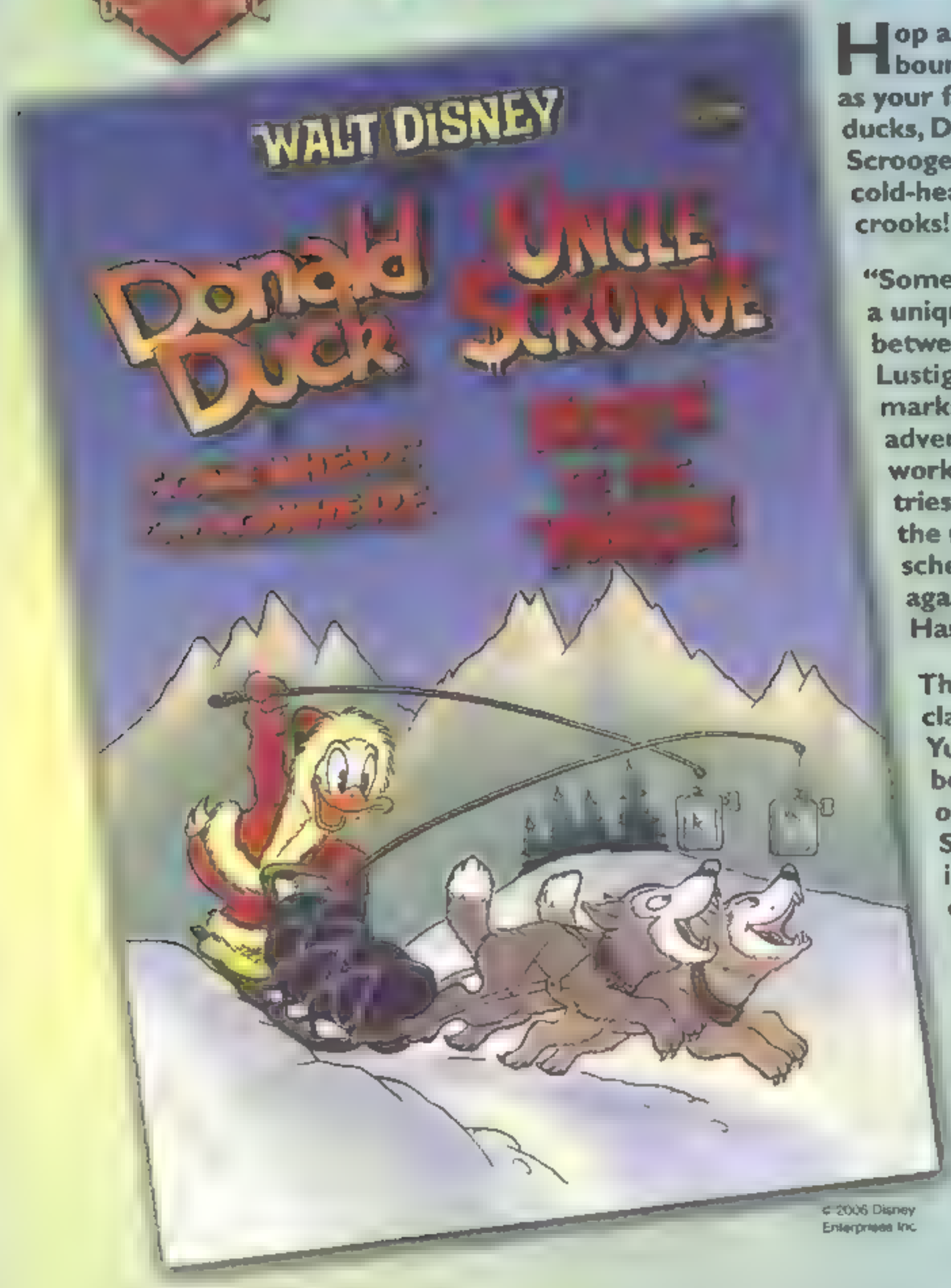
Shiver Me Frozen Tailfeathers!

Two Fowcety Folk From the Snowy Midlands of the Yukon!



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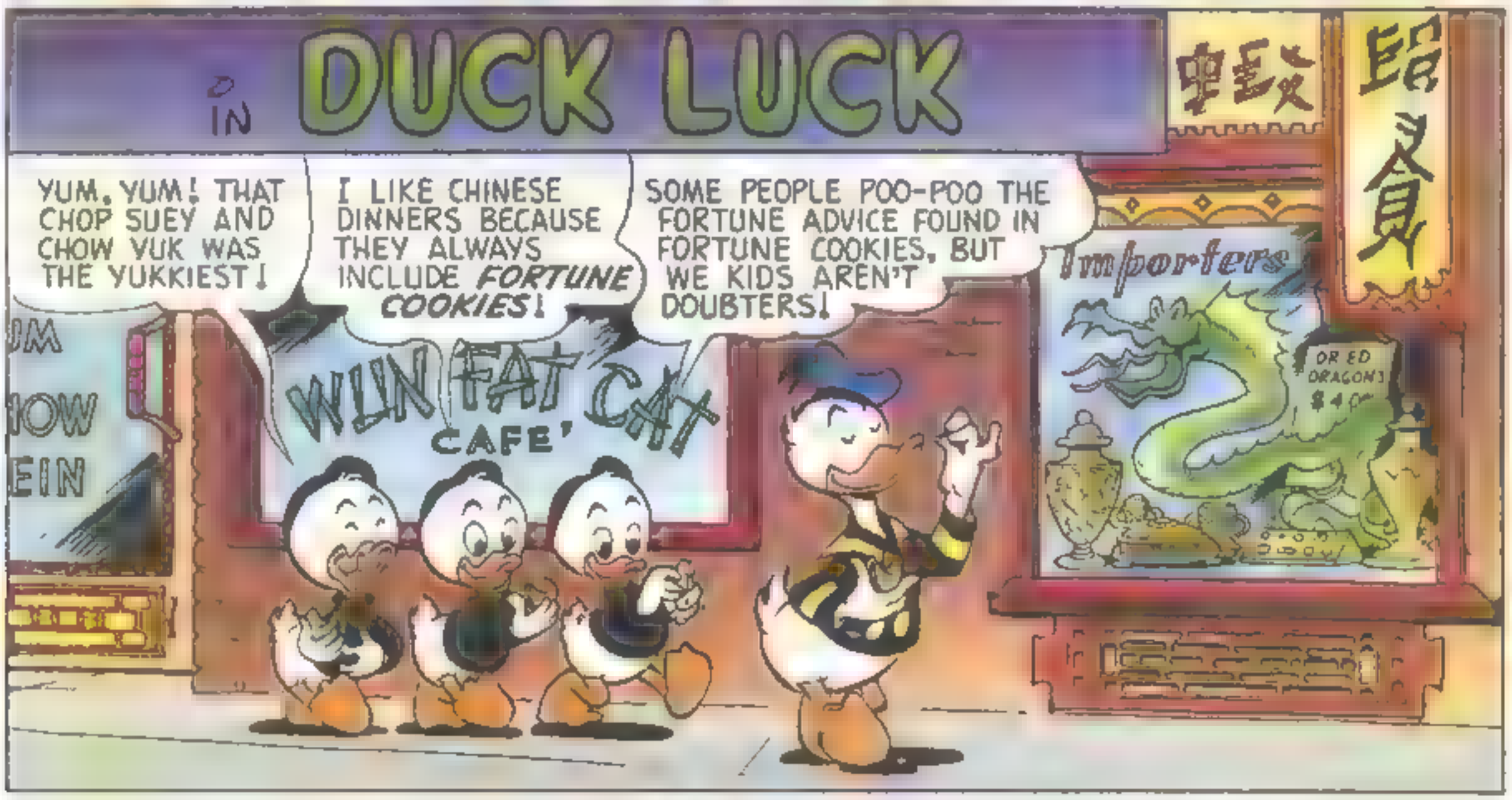
Then, in Barks' 1965 classic "North of the Yukon," the race is between Scrooge and old-time rival Soapy Slick... with the stakes involving an IOU that could impound the McDuck millions!

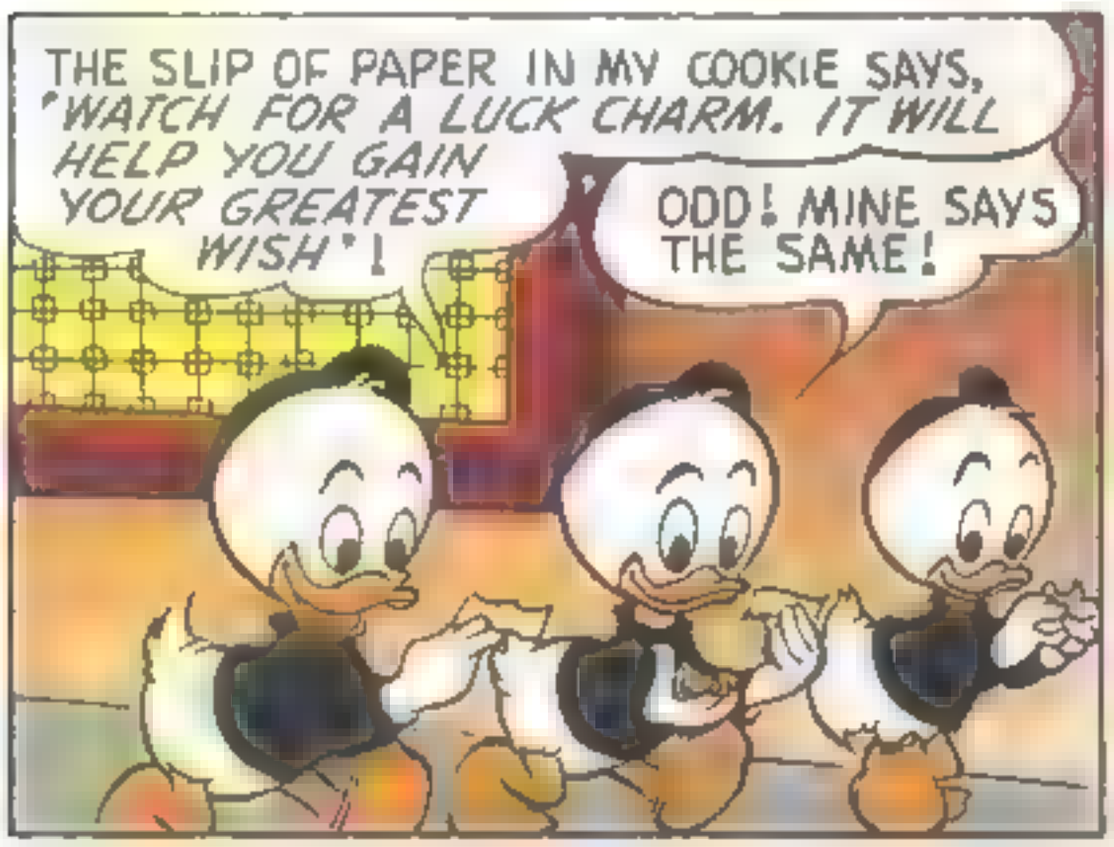
***Donald Duck and Uncle Scrooge*—two feature-length duck epics in one $6.95, 64-page trade paperback. Mush, you huskies!**

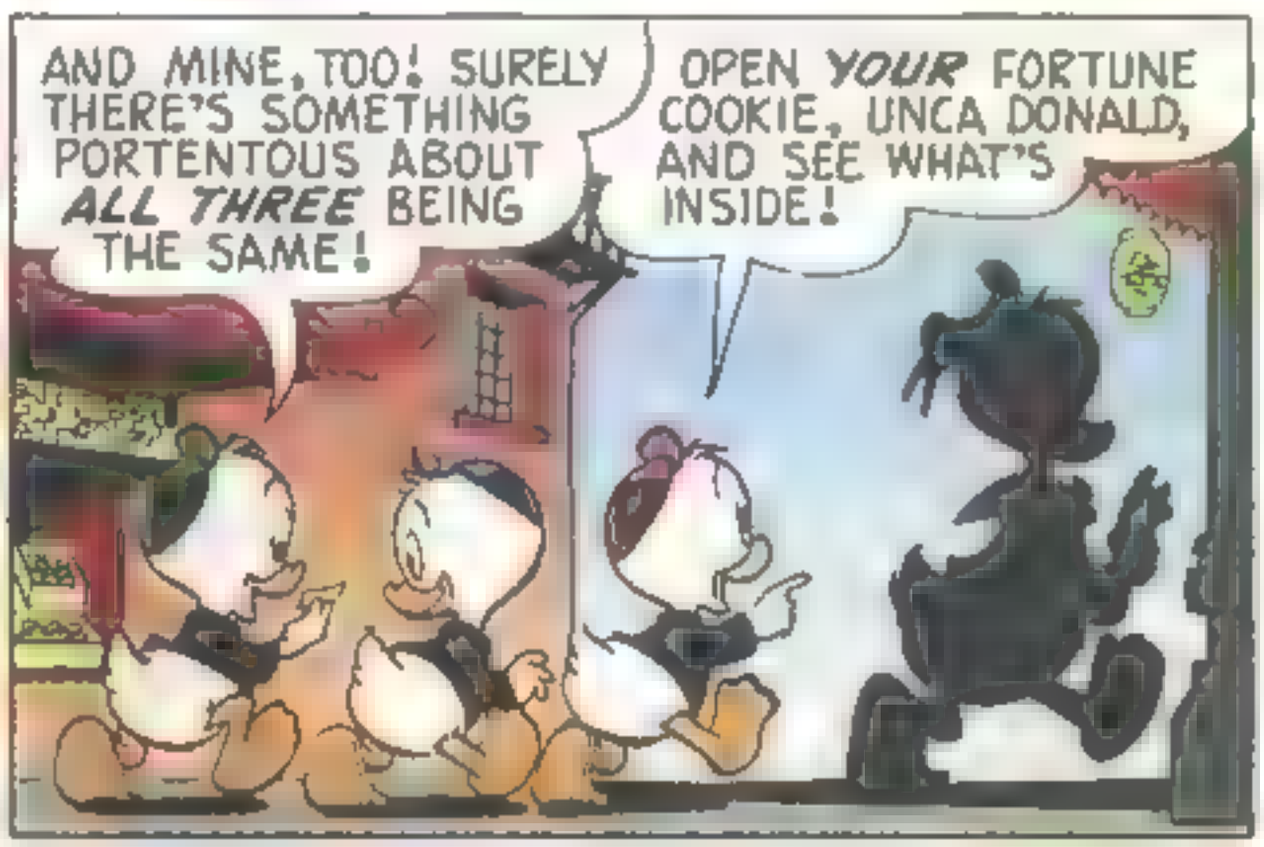
WALT DISNEY'S

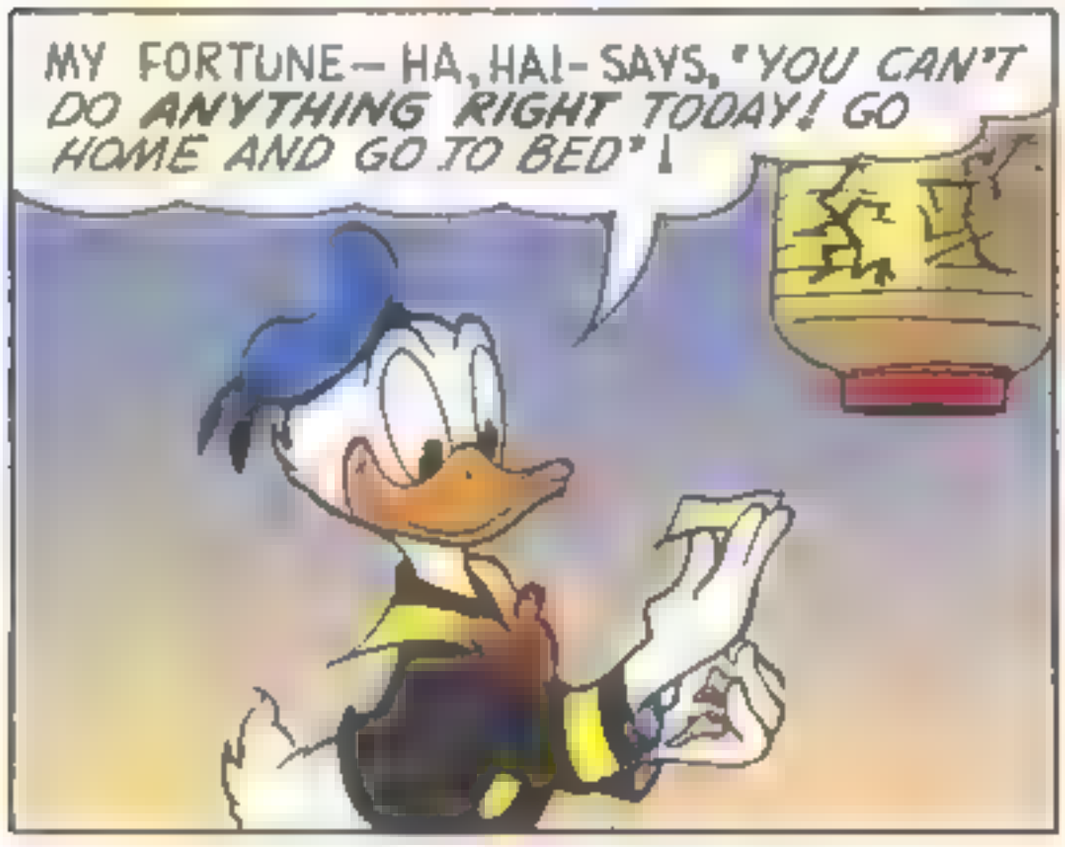
DONALD DUCK

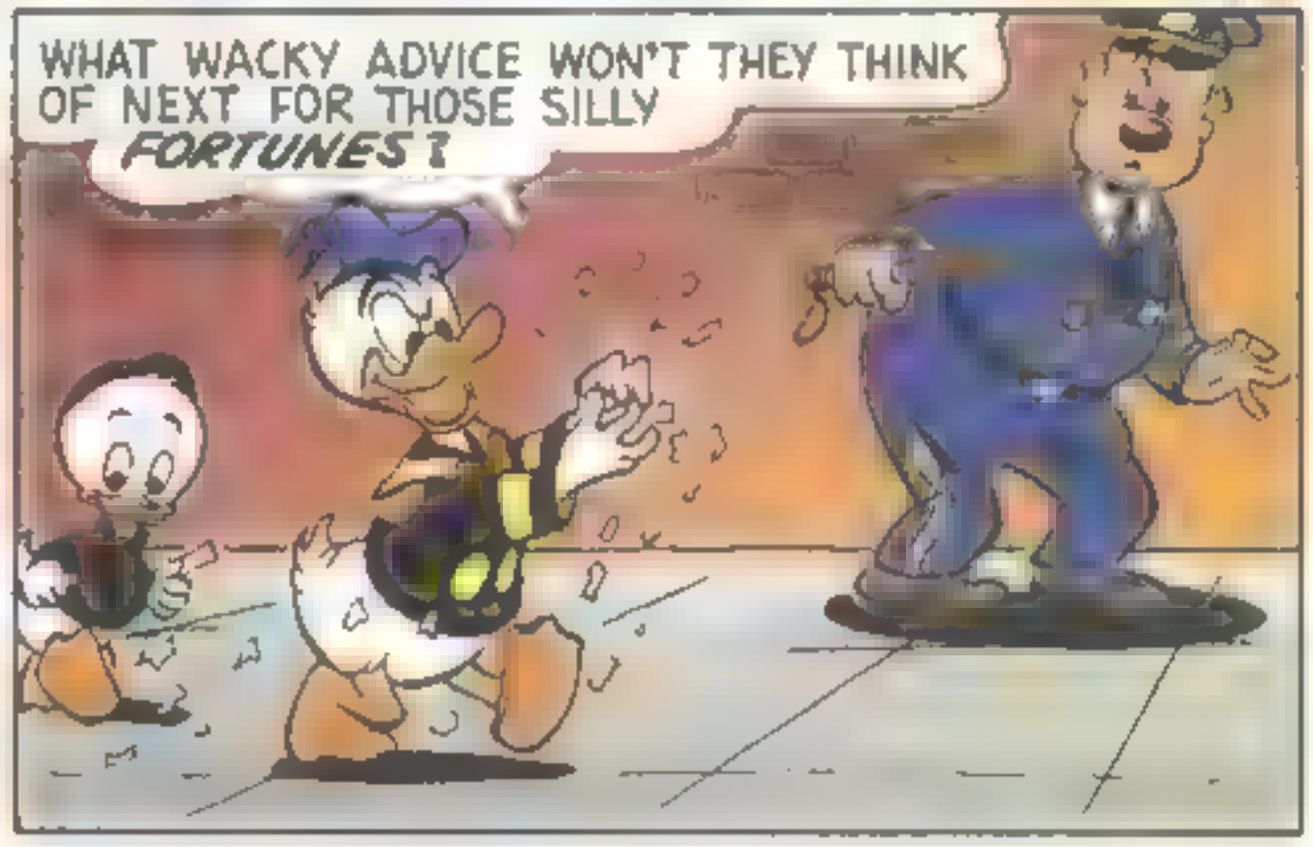
IN DUCK LUCK


YUM, YUM! THAT CHOP SUEY AND CHOW YUK WAS THE YUKKIEST!
I LIKE CHINESE DINNERS BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS INCLUDE *FORTUNE COOKIES!*
SOME PEOPLE POO-POO THE FORTUNE ADVICE FOUND IN FORTUNE COOKIES, BUT WE KIDS AREN'T DOUBTERS!
WUN FAT CAT CAFE'
Importers
OR ED DRAGON 3 $4 pr




AND MINE, TOO! SURELY THERE'S SOMETHING PORTENTOUS ABOUT *ALL THREE* BEING THE SAME!
OPEN *YOUR* FORTUNE COOKIE, UNCA DONALD, AND SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!





HEY, YOU! IT'S A VIOLATION OF ORDINANCE 2-4 D TO SCATTER *TRASH* IN DUCKBURG!

YOUR FORTUNE SAID YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING *RIGHT*, UNCA DONALD! SEE?

NOW *PICK UP* THAT TORN PAPER, DUCK, AND *DEPOSIT* IT IN A TRASH CAN!

YES, SIR! YES, SIR!

SEE, UNCA DONALD?

YOU'VE DONE ONE *WRONG* THING ALREADY!

GRIPE! GRUMBLE!

OW!

I MASHED MY FINGER IN THE GAD-FIRED *LID*!

NOW *ANOTHER* WRONG THING!

STUPID CAN!

WAP

CLANG

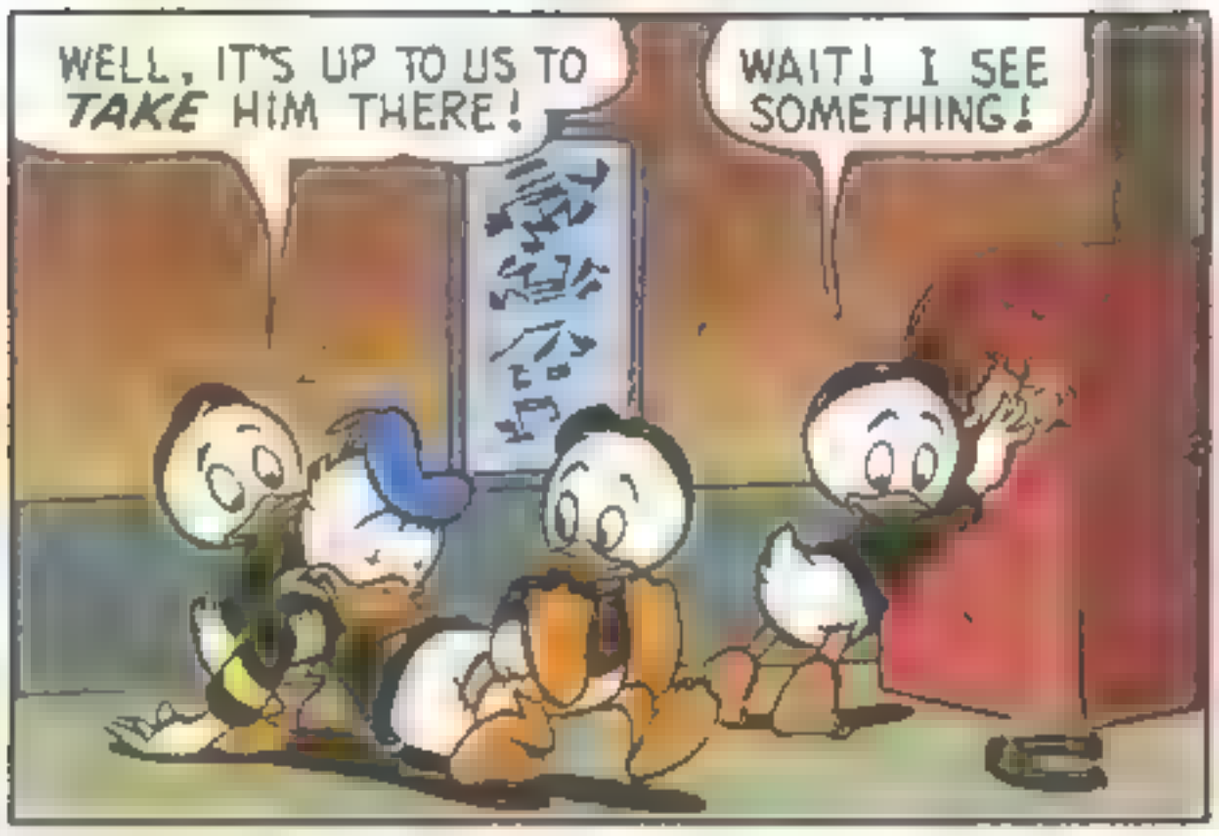
AND *ANOTHER*!

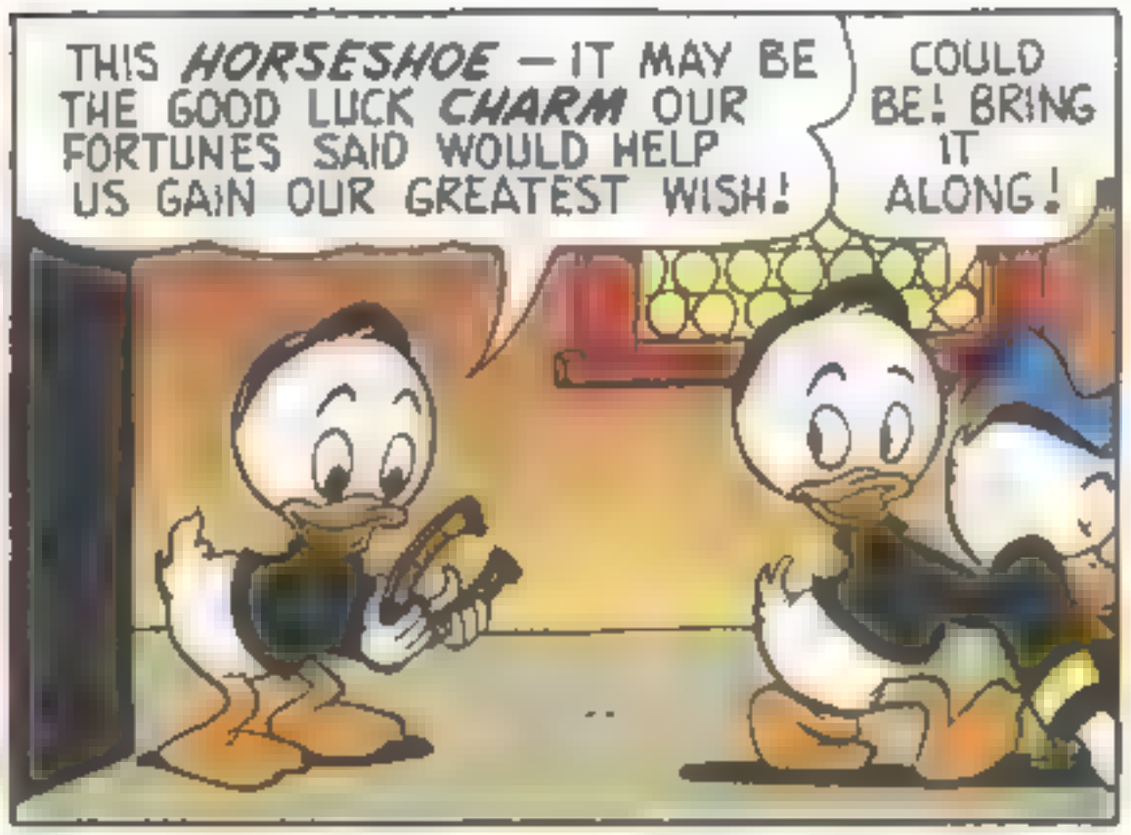
CLONK

WHAT- UNCANNY PREDICTING BY A MERE FORTUNE COOKIE!

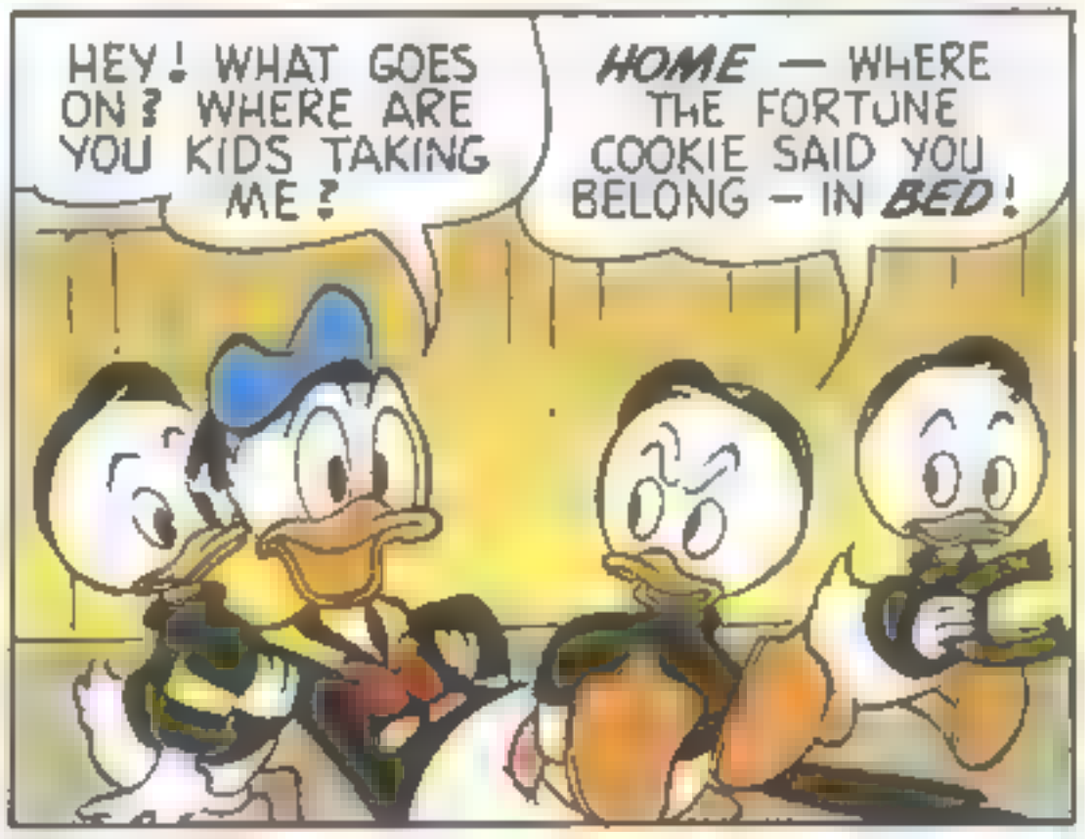
YOU'D BETTER TAKE THE COOKIE'S ADVICE AND GO HOME TO BED, UNCA DONALD!

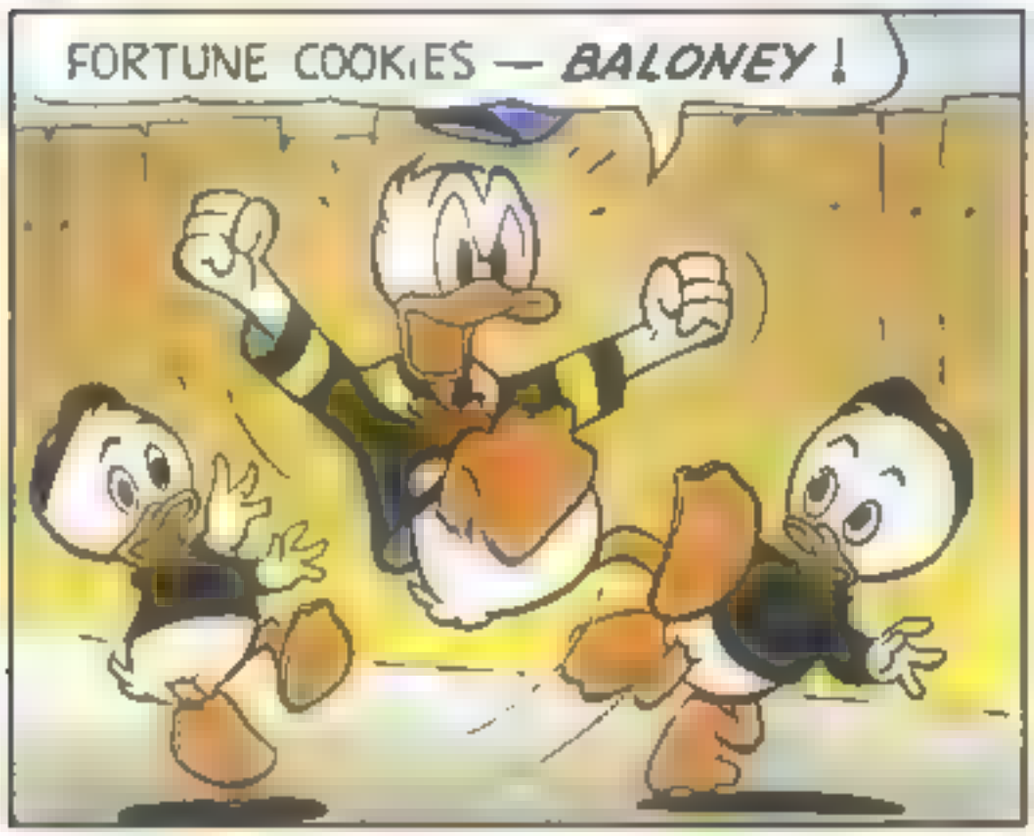
UNCA DONALD!

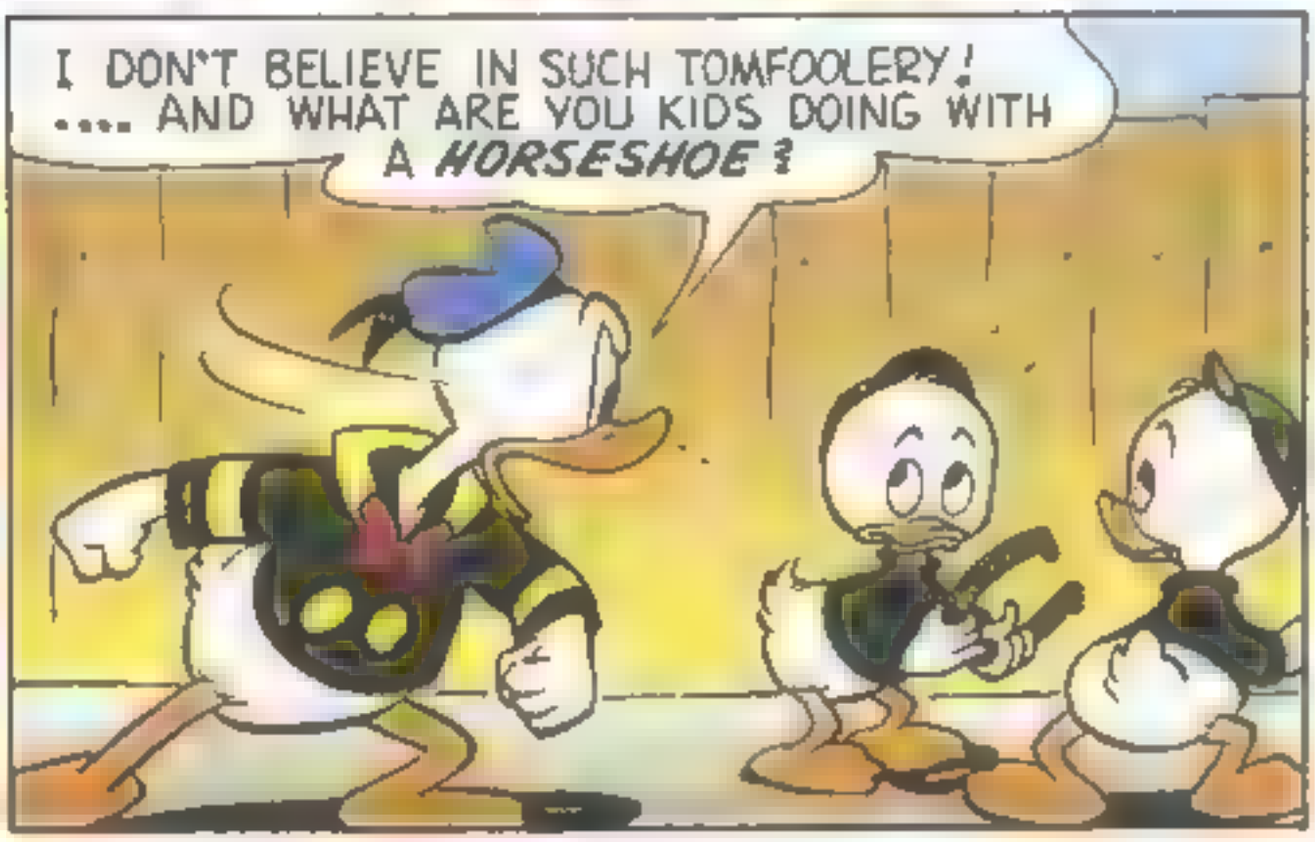

WELL, IT'S UP TO US TO *TAKE* HIM THERE!
WAIT! I SEE SOMETHING!

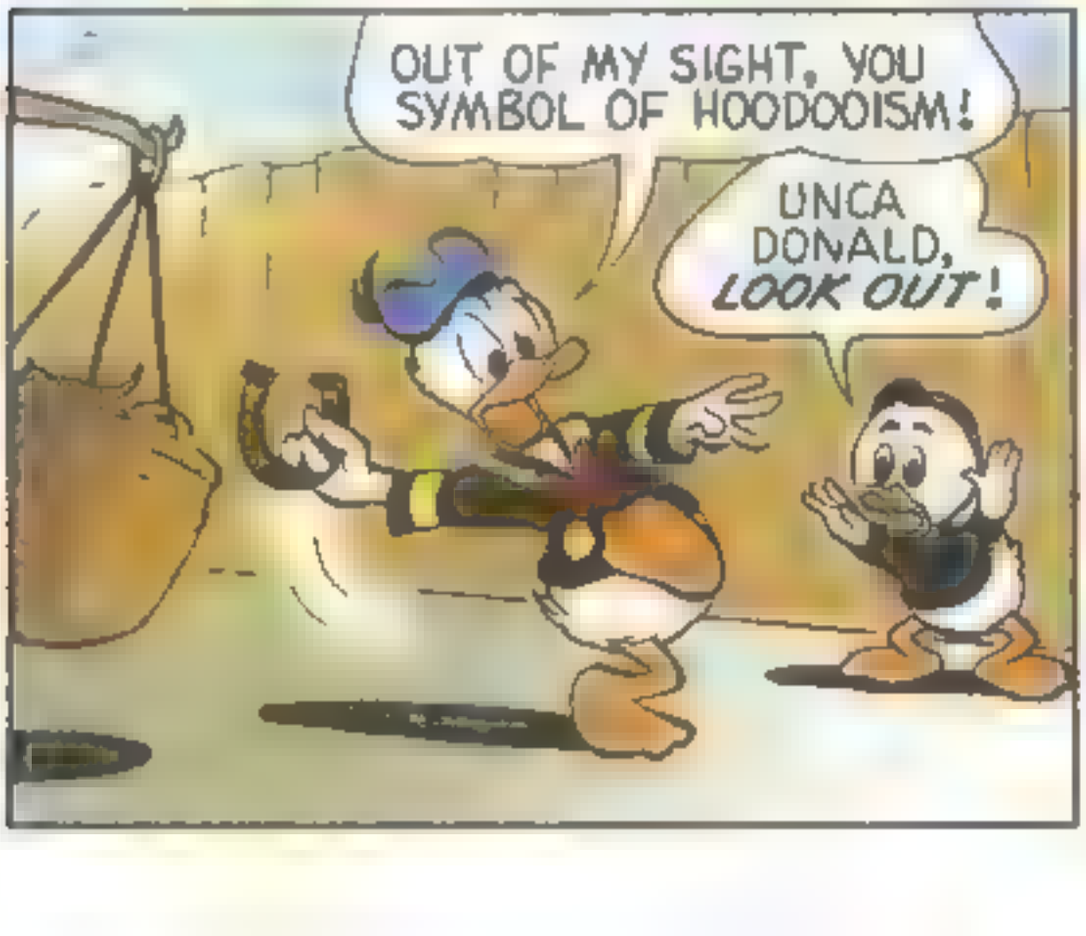

THIS *HORSESHOE* — IT MAY BE THE GOOD LUCK *CHARM* OUR FORTUNES SAID WOULD HELP US GAIN OUR GREATEST WISH!
COULD BE! BRING IT ALONG!

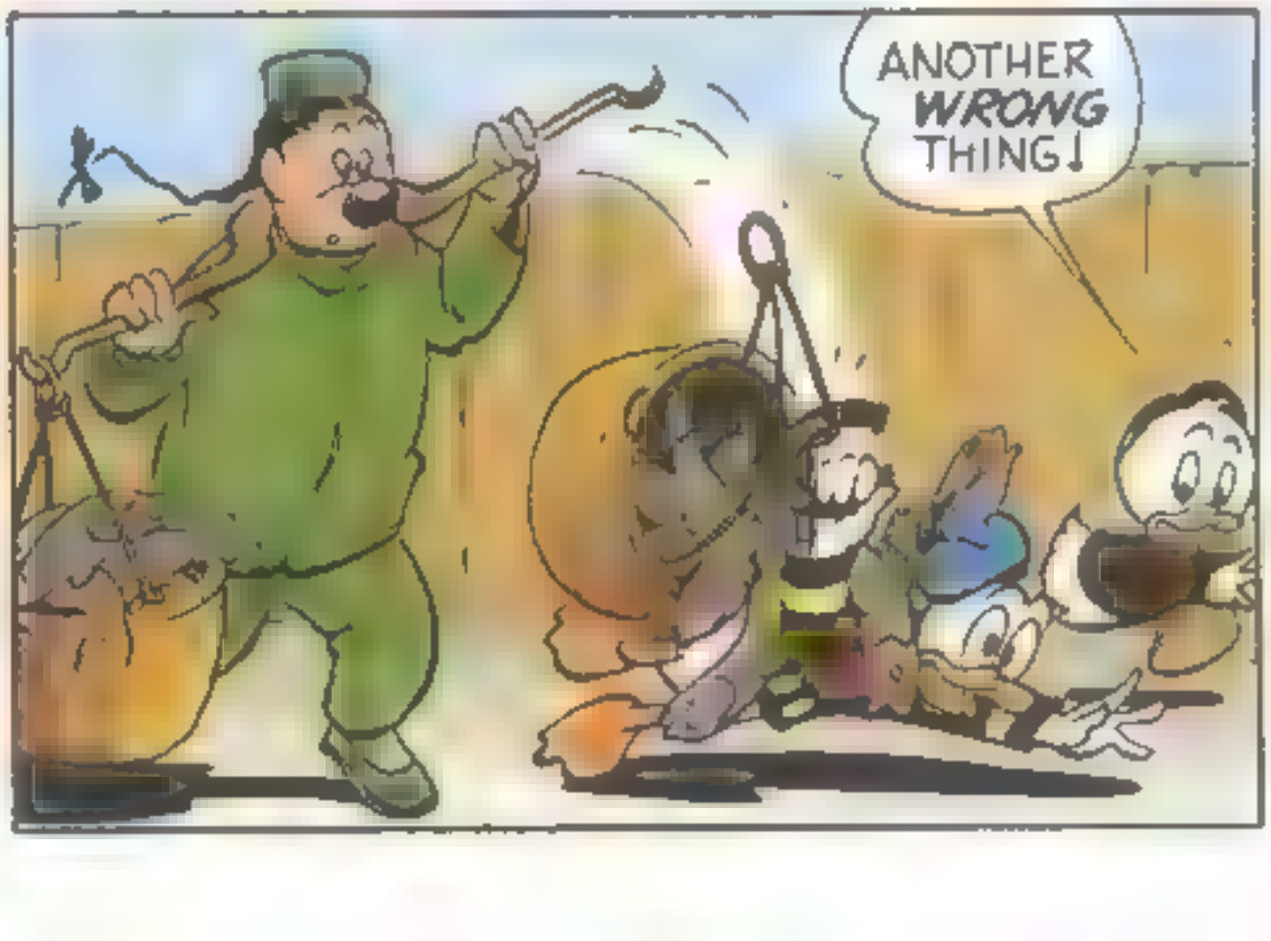
OUR GREATEST WISH IS FOR A *MODEL AIRPLANE* — AND IT COSTS $*10.10*!
THIS HORSESHOE WILL HAVE TO PACK A LOT OF *LUCK* TO GET US THAT!


HEY! WHAT GOES ON? WHERE ARE YOU KIDS TAKING ME?
HOME — WHERE THE FORTUNE COOKIE SAID YOU BELONG — IN *BED*!


FORTUNE COOKIES — *BALONEY*!


I DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH TOMFOOLERY! .... AND WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOING WITH A *HORSESHOE*?


OUT OF MY SIGHT, YOU SYMBOL OF HOODOOISM!
UNCA DONALD, *LOOK OUT*!


ANOTHER *WRONG* THING!

!!

NOW WILL YOU TAKE THE FORTUNE COOKIE'S ADVICE, UNCA DONALD?

NO! AND NOTHING CAN MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT A COOKIE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY — OOF! — LUCK!

SPLAT

WELL, WE BELIEVE IN WHAT FORTUNE COOKIES SAY!

PARKING

AND WE BELIEVE THIS HORSESHOE WILL GET US A $10.10 MODEL AIRPLANE!

IT WILL, NO DOUBT! BUT HOW?

YES, HOW?

MAYBE WE CAN SELL IT FOR $10.10!

SELL IT?...HA! IF YOU CAN SELL THAT WORTHLESS "GOOD LUCK CHARM" FOR TEN CENTS, I'LL GIVE YOU KIDS THE TEN DOLLARS!

!

!

!

GOLLY! THAT'S A DEAL! IT'S CHARM SEEMS TO BE WORKING ALREADY!

MALLARD PARK

DOUBLE FAST! I SEE A GUY RIGHT NOW WHO MIGHT BUY IT!

COUSIN LUCKY GLADSTONE GANDER! HE'S A BUG ABOUT LUCK CHARMS!

BUT!

HUH? ME PAY TEN CENTS FOR A COMMON HORSESHOE, WHEN I CAN FIND THEM BY THE DOZEN — FREE!

BUT THIS ONE IS A SPECIAL GOOD LUCK CHARM!

HEH, HEH!

NO AGAIN! I DON'T *NEED* GOOD LUCK CHARMS! I WAS BORN WITH *BUILT-IN* GOOD LUCK!

TEST IT ANYWAY, GLADSTONE!

TOSS IT OVER YOUR SHOULDER AND SEE IF IT DOESN'T FIND YOU A *COIN*!

OKAY! I'LL TOSS IT BLINDLY — JUST FOR KICKS!

WELL, TIP MY HAT! IT LANDED RIGHT BESIDE A *PENNY*!

I CERTAINLY *WILL* PAY YOU KIDS TEN CENTS FOR THE HORSESHOE! IT AND I ARE GOING TO BE *PALS*!

OKAY, UNCA DONALD, YOU SAID IF WE SOLD THE HORSESHOE FOR TEN *CENTS*, YOU'D GIVE US TEN *DOLLARS*!

I DID *ANOTHER* WRONG THING BY MAKING THE KIDS THAT OFFER! IT *DOES* SEEM AS IF I'M JINXED!

(WHEW!) THAT WAS A FLUKER— LOUIE PUTTING THAT PENNY RIGHT WHERE THE HORSESHOE WAS GOING TO LAND!

OH, I DON'T KNOW! I PUT A WHOLE *RING* OF PENNIES AROUND, SO THE SHOE WOULD *HAVE TO* HIT ONE!

THAT FORTUNE COOKIE SAID I SHOULD GO HOME AND GO TO BED! I *WON'T!* I'LL JUST GO SOME PLACE WHERE I WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE BOO-BOOS!

PERHAPS IF I SIT HERE AND LOOK AT THE POOR DISMAL MUD HENS WHO LIVE IN DISMAL SWAMP, I'LL AVOID TROUBLE!

TIME PASSES!

THIS IS CERTAINLY OUR *LUCKY* DAY!

OUR MODEL AIRPLANE FLIES LIKE A DREAM!

WHIRRR

GIVE IT MORE STRING! WE HAVE ROOM TO *LET IT RUN* HERE NEAR DISMAL SWAMP!

WHIRRR

ODD! I KEEP THINKING I HEAR SOMEONE PUFFING AND PANTING!

PUFF! PANT!

WHIRRR

I CAN'T LOCATE THE SOUND, THOUGH! THAT WHIRRING NOISE HAS DROWNED OUT EVERYTHING!

WHIRRR

WHIRRRRR

OH,OH!

OW!

WE'RE SORRY, UNCA DONALD! WE'LL GET A POLE AND PULL YOU OUT!

I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP, BOYS! BUT THE GUY I'M *STANDING ON* COULD SURE USE IT!

I THOUGHT I WAS HAVING TOUGH LUCK, MISTER, BUT YOU SEEM TO HAVE HAD IT TOUGHER!

I WAS DRIVING ALONG THE TURNPIKE. WHEN MY CAR WENT OUT OF CONTROL!

SOME CAR! MUST BE ABOUT A 1910 MODEL!

I TRIED TO SCRAMBLE TO THE BANK BUT GOT MIRED IN THE OOZE! NOW I MUST *REWARD* YOU FOR PULLING ME OUT!

I'LL GIVE YOU A *FINE AUTOMOBILE*! HERE'S THE TITLE PAPER!

AW, GEE, MISTER! FOR SUCH A SLIGHT FAVOR?

SEE, KIDS? I'M NOT JINXED, AFTER ALL! YOJR OLD FORTUNE COOKIE WAS *WRONG*!

WHAT KIND OF 'FINE AUTO' DID HE GIVE YOU, UNCA DONALD— A ROLLS-CADDY?

THIS CAR!

IT'D COST ME MORE THAN THE CAR'S WORTH TO HAVE IT PULLED FROM THE MUD!

OF ALL THE DUCKS IN DUCKBURG, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE *UNLUCKY* ENOUGH TO DO THAT GUY A FAVOR!

NOW WILL YOU DO LIKE THE COOKIE SAID, UNCA DONALD — AND GO *HOME*?

NO, NO! I'M NOT LICKED *YET*! I *STILL* MAY COME OUT AHEAD!

BUT I'LL JUST SIT HERE TIGHT AND WAIT FOR THAT COOKIE JINX TO WEAR ITSELF OUT!

I'VE TOSSED THIS HORSESHOE TWENTY TIMES AND FOUND NOTHING!

BUT SOONER OR LATER IT'S GOING TO FIND ME A *FORTUNE*!

C

ZUG

IT'S GLADSTONE TOSSING HIS TEN-CENT HORSESHOE TO SEE WHAT IT WILL FIND HIM!

. . . . . .

I'LL *HELP* HIM! SURELY THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING *WRONG* IN THAT!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR GOOD LUCK CHARM FOUND YOU A *FINE AUTOMOBILE*, GLADDY, OLD LADDIE!

YOU TRYING TO BE *FUNNY*?

I'LL MAKE YOU A *DEAL* FOR THE CAR - SEEING AS HOW I *OWN* THE CHARIOT!

THERE'S SOME *OMEN*, NO DOUBT, IN THAT HORSESHOE LANDING ON THAT CAR!

IT MIGHT NOT BE A BAD IDEA FOR ME TO OWN THAT HEAP – MUD AND ALL!

I'LL SELL IT TO YOU FOR *TEN* DOLLARS!

OKAY! I HAVE THAT MUCH FAITH IN MY HORSESHOE — AND MY *LUCK*!

THE JINX HAS LEFT ME! I'VE PROVED TO THE WORLD THAT CHINESE FORTUNE COOKIES ARE *LIARS*!

OH, OH! AND JUST IN TIME! A *POLICEMAN* HAS STOPPED TO RAISE CAIN ABOUT THAT EYESORE OF A CAR!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHO OWNS THAT MIRED VEHICLE?

SURE! (HEE, HEE!) *HIM*!

MISTER, THAT CAR IS THE ONLY 1910 CROCKMOBILE IN EXISTENCE! THE CITY WOULD LIKE TO BUY IT FOR THE PARK *MUSEUM*!

WHAT? *ME* PART WITH MY BELOVED CAR? RATHER WOULDST I PART WITH MY *LIFE*!

THE CITY WILL GLADLY PAY *TWENTY-FIVE* DOLLARS!

SOLD!

I GOOFED AGAIN!

YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT TODAY GO HOME AND GO TO BED

THAT FORTUNE COOKIE HAS ME TALKING TO MYSELF! SURELY, THERE MUST BE *SOME WAY* TO CHANGE MY LUCK BACK TO SOMETHING LIKE NORMAL!

THE *HORSESHOE*! I'LL TRY GLADSTONE'S HORSESHOE! IT'S BROUGHT SO MUCH *GOOD LUCK* TO OTHERS!

I'LL TOSS IT—AND IF *IT* DOESN'T CHANGE MY LUCK, THERE ISN'T MUCH HOPE!

IT FOUND ME *SOMETHING*!.. A COUPON FOR A *GIFT* AT QUACKIE-WACKIE SUPER MARKET!

MY LUCK *HAS* CHANGED! MAYBE THIS COUPON WILL GET ME A *HAM*—OR EVEN A *GOLD BICYCLE*!

QUACKIE-WACKIE SU

BIG SALE

THE GIFT? YES, SIR!

A BOX OF HOP SING'S CHINESE *FORTUNE COOKIES*!

UNCA DONALD! WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A PELL-MELL HURRY?

HOME, BOYS! HOME TO *BED*!... I KNOW AT LAST WHEN I'M *LICKED*!

Walt Disney's

Donald Duck in BYTE MAKES RIGHT

THIS MAGIC BRAIN IS SCROOGE'S NEW SUPERTHINK XL! JUST SLOPPING OVER WITH ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE, IT SHOULD SIMPLIFY OFFICE WORK PRONTO...

XL IS MY PROUDEST HI-TECH POSSESSION!

51193

IT CAN DO THE WORK OF A HUNDRED MEN! NO MORE *PERSONALITIES* TO CLASH WITH... NO MORE MESSY HUMAN *INEFFICIENCY!*

OF COURSE, I'LL NEED TO SACK MY LESS PRODUCTIVE STAFFERS! XL WILL DECIDE WHO STAYS AND WHO GOES!

WAK!

D. DUCK FIRED

SORRY, NEPHEW! THIS IS THE COMPUTER AGE!

I LIKE YOU ALREADY, YOU BRAINY LITTLE DECISION-MAKER!

"YOU'VE SPENT WEEKS NOW EVALUATING MY EMPLOYEES, BALANCING MY BUDGET, POLISHING AND COUNTING MY COINS..."

EVERYTHING DONALD USED TO DO, ONLY *BETTER!*

EVERYTHING *I* USED TO DO!

10,001!

10,002...

BZZZT!

CLICK!

EVERYTHING I *ENJOY* DOING! I *LIKE* COUNTING MONEY!

AND HIRING AND FIRING AND-

BLOOP!

CLICK!

BEEP!

BLOOP!

AND I *MISS* HAVING DONALD HERE TO *ARGUE* WITH, BY GADFREY!

I'M A *VICTIM* OF MODERNITY! WHO'D HAVE GUESSED?

YES, DONALD! BACK *NOW*, AND I'LL GIVE YOU AN UN-McDUCKLIKE BONUS!

I DON'T WANT EXTRA MONEY, LINK!

THEN WHAT *DO* YOU-

I WANT MY OWN *SUPERTHINK XL!*

DONE! BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?

NEXT DAY!

=HAW!= SMARTEST LAWNMOWER IN TOWN! THIS *IS* THE COMPUTER AGE!

Two things conspired to make "Santa's Helpers" (*DD&F* 334) far better than it had any earthly right to be: David Gerstein's dialogue and Marco Rota's artwork. David must have faced an Herculean task just to make this tale seem like anything more than a lousy holiday special, and he wisely pulls out all the stops. Rota's art gives the story dignity where it is required, and the elegant Italian master also proves capable of getting across the expected disasters and pratfalls encountered by Donald and the Easter Bunny as they struggle to complete the hobbled Santa's appointed rounds. I'm certain that Rota has never before had to illustrate a story in which one character invited another to "say hello to pain," let alone one with a holiday theme, but the fact that he could render such scenes and actually make them work speaks volumes for his skill as an artist.

—Chris Barat
via email

David Gerstein replies that while he may have polished "Santa's Helpers" for our edition, the story's overall tone and humor were the intent of Lars Jensen from the start. The "say hello to pain" line was a Jensen original!

Ah, the annual fear of the nephews: will they still have Christmas? "Santa's Stormy Visit" calls to mind a couple of other Carl Barks classics, one printed in Gladstone's second Christmas special, in which Donald forgets to mail their letter; and another in which Uncle Scrooge special orders boxes of goodies dropped to his waiting submarine. Such classics! Who knew they had a precursor? I guess Donald hasn't read *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner;* surely, he would have thought twice before booting the heat-seeking albatross from his lighthouse. Well, all's well that ends well. Thanks for printing this one. It was fun to read.

Michael T. Gilbert was back in form with the Mickey story, "The Sure Cure." Isn't it true that everyone has their "sure cures"? Hold your breath, get scared, drink a big glass of water. The list goes on and on. What people really have are a bunch of sure cures for them, but some not-as-sure cures for anyone else. And who wants a cure that involves hot sauce or nearly getting killed by a falling building? Thanks to Gilbert and Mickey for bringing this form of advice-giving to our attention. And keep Gilbert's work coming. I really enjoy it.

A good moral from "Santa's Helpers," courtesy of Lars Jensen. Let the Easter Bunny, on a short vacation from Rapa Nui, and Donald tackle the big guy's job one year. Great dialogue from David Gerstein. "Uncle Scrooge would sicken Dickens." It doesn't get much better than that!

All in all, thanks for a well-made issue. I've really started to enjoy the *DD&F* line so much more since you've begun reprinting the old, semi-lost Barks stuff. I know you're short on Tony Strobl, but again I submit my plea to reprint what work you have of his. Also, if you have more from John Lustig, print that too. He's pretty darn good!

—Robert Hutchings
via email

After reading *Donald Duck and Friends* 334, I've come to the conclusion that "saving Christmas" is now almost as much a December tradition as silver bells, candy canes, and stockings hung by the chimney with care. We've had holiday heroics (to varying degrees) by Mickey Mouse, Fred Flintstone (with a Christmas of the B.C. variety, no less!), Ernest, Johnny Bravo, Tim Allen, and who knows how many more. Why, before it's all over, I'm betting even I will probably get a shot at saving Christmas at least once!

Yet, with scores of ersatz Santa sagas, leave it to the fertile imagination of Lars Jensen to team Donald with a wondrously wacky version of the Easter Bunny (!) to do the job. Don and E.B. are a natural together, and their antics make for one great big, bountiful, bow-topped box of Yuletide yuks. Santa also steps in at the end to make this tale a special one, by giving Donald the gift of some much-needed vindication with his crabby kin.

Combine this with classic 1946 Firestone reprints, both here and in the same month's *Mickey Mouse and Friends,* and you've already saved my Christmas (See! I told you everyone gets a shot!) before Santa could catch a debilitating cold, or sprain one of his overworked "bowl-full-of-jelly-supporting" ankles.

—Joe Torcivia
via email

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QUESTIONS ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS OR BACK ISSUES? Contact Angie Meyer at mangie@diamondcomics.com
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MONKEY BUSINESS!

GO BANANAS WITH SCOOP!

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SCOOP - IT'S CHIMPLY THE BEST!

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